

act of sale from himself of Bridget to his mother, in 1823, another from his mother back to himself in 1835, as also the act of sale to Belmont in 1838.—In the sale of 1822, the age of the girl Bridget was stated to be 23, and in the sale of 1838, three years afterwards, to be 22. Miller also denied that he had purchased the service of Daniel Miller as a *redemption* of 1818.

A great amount of evidence was produced on both sides, but we cannot allude to it. The pamphlet before us is pretty full on that head. The Judge of the District Court, however, gave judgment against the plaintiff. A motion was made for a new trial and refused. An appeal was then taken to the Supreme Court, and, during the investigation, additional and important testimony in favor of Sally Miller was obtained. After very able arguments of Counsel, the Court, on the 21st inst., decided in favor of the plaintiff. The Court, in concluding their opinion, say—“After the most mature consideration of the case, we are of the opinion that the plaintiff is free, and it is our duty to declare her to be so.”

Such is a brief statement of this extraordinary case. The pamphlet, just published at the instance of one of the Counsel engaged in behalf of Sally Miller, contains materials enough for a most thrilling romance.

### Communications.

We have no idea that the following letter was sent us with a view to publication, but thinking perhaps that by giving it a place in our columns we might encourage our friends to be up and doing for our little sheet, we have concluded to send it abroad. We don't know but some of our friends have been so long accustomed to feed on “small potatoes,” that they will not at first be able to swallow “*Anti-slavery in its big meaning*,” to such we would say in the words of the song “Try, try again.”

To the Editor of the Bugle.

DEAR SIR:—I see in the “*Liberty Advocate*,” published at Cadiz a notice of your “*Bugle*.” Just look at that notice, will you? Its all I want to know of that man's “*Liberty*.” Its just the kind for Slavery to rejoice at. I have been taking the Cadiz “*Liberty*” paper ever since it first breathed, but I'll send this 2nd No. back and tell the “*man*” to “*strike my name from the Nottingham list*” I cannot do that work—but I'll take your Bugle. God send it among the people to awaken them to a knowledge of the religious and political hypocrisy so rife in the land. I don't know who you are, the pious *Liberty* man of the “*Advocate*” didn't give your name or terms, but send on the Bugle. May-be you'll hear from us again. Yours for Anti-slavery in its big meaning, AMOS H. WILLIS.

Freeport, July 7th, 1845.

The following communication was designed for the first No. of the Bugle, but was crowded out; we insert it this week with some necessary abridgment:

COLUMBIANA, 6th mo., 1845.

Dear Editor:—Belong present at the meeting of the Executive Committee when they agreed to issue the “*Anti-Slavery Bugle*,” and not knowing what you may have for the paper this week, it occurs to me that I will say a few words for your encouragement.

It was a lucky thought; that which will bring the “*Anti-Slavery Bugle*” into being. 'Twas not conceived, as I understand it, to be the mouth-piece of the tyrant or his wicked abettor to blow upon; nor yet to be the instrument in the hands of any political scheming demagogue. No, No! none of these.—The “*Bugle*” must sound no notes but those of the highest, sternest morality and the most rigid anti-slavery faith. If the abolitionists of Ohio have not learned how to make music upon it, it is high time they were learning. The people all around are sleeping upon their posts; the faithless have cried in their ears “*All's well!*” and thus lulled them to slumber; our sentinel is put to death on his sentry box; the outposts are being taken, not in fair and honorable combat, but by political intrigue; they cry out, our breast-plate is the “*Constitution*,” and as a shield of defence clings around the memory of the “*Fathers of the Country*.” Our soldiers have been heretofore deluded; they have said to us we cannot fight these men; they are friends, not enemies. But apart from the figure. Our friends will tell us “*you are deceived*—*Liberty party* here is not *Liberty party* in the east.” And may not our friends be deceived also? Is there not as much possibility of their being deceived as we?

All we want is, to get the people aroused:—the Bugle is to do this. All over the land reigos a death-like slumber; the people are “*constitutionally*” morbid. With one mighty blast of our instrument we can awaken them; and we ought to send forth such an alarm as will startle the young lion of the West.

What though for a time our Bugle note be but dimly heard amid the universal discord which so gratefully is poured upon our ears, yet the truth is strong. And our motto, how glorious, “*No union with slaveholders*.” A little while ago and the banner paper, the gallant Liberator, hoisted the motto, “*My country is the world—my countrymen are all mankind*,” and though right through the thickest of the fight has been its course, braving perils on land and perils by sea, and perils amongst false brethren, yet right onward has it pressed. Though “*like the wave-tossed feather here and there*” it seemed to the careless watcher, so great was the pressure from its enemies. That stand was not too high. This is not. Let our Bugle then be sounded and let the welkin ring again, “*No union with slaveholders*.”

Thine for the right,

JOSEPH FUSSELL, JR.

The Annexation papers talk of treating as pirates the crews of all privateersmen under the Mexican flag, in the event of war, in case the crews are not true Mexicans. How would we like the same rule applied to us?

## THE BUGLE.

NEW-LISBON, JULY 25, 1845.

“I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm-bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds.”—Edmund Burke.

### To our Readers and Friends.

The Executive Committee of the Ohio American Anti-Slavery Society, in deciding to issue a paper which should advocate the same high standard of Abolitionism as that adopted by the Parent Society, were not unconscious of the great responsibilities they were assuming; and nothing less than the imperative call of duty could have induced them to adopt such a measure.

They know that there are thousands in this State whose hearts beat warmly in behalf of the slave—men and women whose desire it is to do all that they rightfully may to strike off his fetters. Many of these have been deluded and misguided by designing demagogues, and their warm and gushing sympathies, instead of being permitted to flow onward in freedom and in power, have been dammed up by political manoeuvring and diverted from their proper channel to subserve the interests of the Liberty Party. Shall we show them a truer and better way? Shall we present to them a higher standard of Right than that which they now have?

There is another, and a larger class of persons, with whom the Committee feel should be established some direct and frequent mode of communication—those who now are ignorantly persecuting the advocates of the truths of Jesus, and in their blindness, think with Saul, that they are verily doing God service. These, with a reasonable degree of exertion on the part of abolitionists may be enlightened, converted to, and confirmed in the Right. Shall these exertions be made? The Committee have unfurled their standard sheet—they have sounded the Bugle call! Having themselves turned away from the beggarly elements of political squabbling, and feeling of a surety that Truth unaided and alone will triumph—that if preached in its purity without mingling with it Expediency to make it more palatable but less powerful, it will accomplish the work whereunto it is sent, will redeem the world from Error, will emancipate man from his thralldom, and replace the God-given crown of honor and immortality upon his brow.

It is never inexpedient to teach the truth, the whole truth, although its utterance may apparently be attended with present disadvantage. The crucifixion of Jesus; the persecution and slaughter of his early Disciples; the destruction of the Fathers in the church by the wild beasts of the Roman tyrants less savage and blood-thirsty than their masters; the death by faggot and torture which to the christian martyr was the means of translation to a better life; though all these at the first glance might seem to present circumstances fraught with such discouragement as to render the preaching of the truth inexpedient, yet they but invigorate the true christian, renew his spiritual life, and strengthen if possible his confidence in the power of Truth, and the omnipotence of the God of Truth.

Truth struck to earth will rise again.

The eternal years of God's are hers;

But Error wounded, writhes in pain

And dies amid its worshippers.

He who perceives a higher and a truer life, if true to himself, will strive to attain it, and will endeavor to bring all others up to the same point of excellence. If he does not this, he is an unfaithful steward, and having received a talent from his Master, has hidden it in a napkin and buried it in the earth. He has concealed a truth which God has made manifest to his mind, but which belongs not to himself alone, but to humanity—a truth, which if preached with faithfulness, is perchance destined to be the crowning truth which shall finish the salvation of a world.—Unpopular then as may be the doctrine of “*No union with Slaveholders*,” yet believing it to be true, the Committee have inscribed it upon their sheet.—No other paper west of the mountains bears that motto. The Abolitionists of Eastern Pennsylvania, of New York, and of New England have unfurled their banners and written it upon the folds. Yonder, upon the soil of Bunker's Height, beneath the very shadow of time-honored and venerated Faneuil Hall, the “*Liberator*” has long since been given to the breeze; and towering above the crowded metropolis of New York, where the hurry of commerce, the din of business, and the conflict of selfish interests have almost drowned the voice of truth, floats the National “*Standard*” of American Abolitionists. In the Quaker city of Pennsylvania, whose name, once synonymous with Brotherly Love, has lost its beautiful signification, there are enough to sustain that banner which is the glory of the true “*Freeman*,” and from the hills of New England—from the White mountains of New Hampshire is heard the voice of a “*Herald of Freedom*” cheering the handful who have rallied around the mountain standard, and successfully defended it from the attacks of open foes and professed friends.

“Westward the star of Empire takes its way!”

Ohio has heard the call and responded to it. Her flag has been unfurled—the echo of Freedom's song has fallen upon her ear, she has caught up the notes and her Bugle is even now sounding throughout the land. Shall it be said that the Buckeye State is content to remain behind her older sisters in this glorious enterprise? God forbid! Let those of us who profess to love the cause of freedom, show at this time that our love for it is not an empty name. The Executive Committee have assumed a great responsibility in the establishment of their paper, and have incurred a very considerable expense. They need prompt and liberal contributions to sustain them, and would be glad if all the friends of the cause would give as God has blessed them in their means. If you can spare but twenty-five cents, give it—if fifty, contribute that; and we know that there are those who for the cents we have written can read dollars; aye, and some of them can multiply them by ten, and not be impoverished or really inconvenienced by their gift, if we may call that a gift which we owe to the slave. Liberty Party in Ohio has its many papers, and its agents are traversing the State. The Ohio American A. S. Society has heretofore had no paper, and has at this time no lecturing agents. Is Old organization—is true and genuine abolitionism “so poor that there are none to do it reverence?” Can it not sustain one paper, and send out agents as the Liberty Party has done, and is doing? We answer in the affirmative, and our Yes, is recorded with a heart full of hope. We know that it can be done, and we trust it will be.

Be faithful, oh, be faithful, to the True and to the Right.

God's presence shall be with you in the thickest of the fight.

Be patient, oh, be patient, and unceasing labor on—

Be faithful, and be patient till the victory is won.

Our object is a glorious one; it is the overthrow of slavery, the enfranchisement of man, not by physical means, for we hold not to the ballot box or the cartridge box, to legislative enactment or “cold steel” as the remedy for slavery. In the language of the Declaration of Sentiments issued in '33 by the founders of the American A. S. Society: “Our principles forbid the doing of evil that good may come, and lead us to reject, and entreat the oppressed to reject, the use of all carnal weapons for deliverance from bondage: relying upon those which are spiritual, and mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds.”

“Our measures shall be such only as the opposition of moral purity to moral corruption—the destruction of error by the potency of truth—the overthrow of prejudice by the power of love—and the abolition of slavery by the spirit of repentance.”

We would that all felt the superiority of moral over political power, for the accomplishment of a moral end; they would then become redeemed from the gambler-like spirit which actuates in a greater or less degree the active politician, and would gladly forsake the heat and turmoil, and excitement of political squabbling, for the field of moral warfare, where, although the contest is hot and fierce, yet in the very height of the battle when blows fall thickest and fastest, the soul is at peace with itself, and walks amid the green pastures, and beside the still waters of eternal truth.

Friend, whoever you are who reads this, if not already a subscriber will you not give in your name for our paper, and say to your acquaintance, “Come and do likewise?” And we ask of you all whether subscribers or non-subscribers—we ask you to do what you can to extend the circulation of our little sheet, and promptly to make contributions to the funds of our society. It is said “a word to the wise is sufficient,”—let not the benevolent, let not the professed abolitionist require more: but if you believe we teach the right doctrine, or if you wish to enquire whether we are true or false prophets, give us your aid. If you are not man enough to bear the strong meat of our principles—if you have not sufficient moral strength to lead you to desire to climb to the highest visible point of true abolitionism—if you are determined to cling to your sect although it may be as corrupt as slavery can make it—if you are so wedded to your party as to love it better than principle—if you regard the laws of man as more binding than those of God—if you worship the idol Constitution above all which is pure, and beautiful, and holy, then we shall not look to you for co-operation. But if you wish to “prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good,” we ask you to aid in the promotion of that enterprise, which, in the language of the so-called despotic and half-civilized Bey of Tunis, “is for the glory of mankind, to distinguish them from the brute creation.”

### Convention at Marlboro'.

Persons desirous to attend the Antislavery convention at Marlboro' on the first of August next, who have no acquaintance in the vicinity, will please call at J. T. Shaw's store, where there will be a committee in readiness to inform them of places for accommodation.

### The Deed Consummated.

Texas is annexed—or rather slavery has consummated her triumph, and the U. States is annexed to Texas. We well remember the utter loathing with which we read of the vile conduct of that band of marauders—that horde of plunderers from our midst who spread themselves over Mexico's fair province of Texas, claiming it as their own, and in defiance of the laws and wishes of the Mexican people, re-establishing slavery where it had been abolished. We saw the lone star of Texas arise from a bloody horizon, and peer like a one-eyed demon from amid the dark clouds of slavery by which it was surrounded. We heard the robber battle-cry roll up from the plains of San Jacinto, and greedy speculators who sought to coin their wealth from the blood and tears of the oppressed; and political demagogues who wished to build up their power upon the palpitating hearts of human victims were found among us. They basely responded to the pirate shout, and hordes of unprincipled men, thirsting for blood and greedy for gold, fearing neither God nor man, sought a re-union with their former comrades upon the plains of Texas.

Mexico was weak; torn with internal dissensions, and having an inefficient government she was powerless to reconquer and reclaim her stolen province, aided as the robbers were by the support of the people of this union. The lone star triumphed; and the scoundrels who peopled Texas erected a government and claimed a place among the nations of the earth.

The slaveocracy of our land cast a wishful eye upon that country; it was a new and rich soil—slavery was growing lean; there she could better feed and become fat and strong. Texas was demanded; northern whigs and democrats both protested against its annexation to our territory—the ruling power of our nation made its promised acquisition a *rine qua non* to their favor. Van Buren objected to it, except upon democratic grounds; idolized as he was by his party, Van Buren was sacrificed. Clay had no objection, personally, and would favor its admission if it could be honorably accomplished; popular as was Clay, he was defeated. Polk, unscrupulous as to the means, regardless as to the consequences of its annexation, was the favored of the slaveocracy, and he now sits upon the presidential throne. But it was not needed that he should do the deed, for one as unprincipled and as unscrupulous as himself made the closing act of his administration an act of deepest infamy. Determined that his name should be written upon the scroll of fame, and knowing that it could never be enshrined in glorious immortality, he chose rather to have it live in eternal infamy, than to rot in oblivion. Verily, he will have his reward; and when all other of his deeds shall be forgotten, it will be remembered that John Tyler humbly proposed to Texas that she should become annexed.

We hoped and believed that the influence of the British and French governments would so operate upon the Texan government and people as to save us the humiliating sight of our annexation. But the deed is consummated, we are one people. Her wars are our wars, and her infamy our infamy. The cup of our nation's transgression before seemed full; this, perhaps, is the drop that will cause it to overflow and call down the just punishment of an offended God upon the violators of his law, the contempters of his truth.

What now remains to be done by the freemen of our land? Will they still remain in connexion with robbers, in the hope of eventually outnumbering and overcoming them, now that the robber band is enlarged and strengthened? Will they continue to swear to stand by the slaveholder, now that his power is increased, and the territory of his depredations greatly extended? Will they be freemen, bold and uncompromising, or craven slaves afraid to speak? Where are those Whigs who but a short time since declared they would regard the annexation of Texas, as a virtual dissolution of the union? what now is their battle-cry, or are they afraid to cry at all? Will Cassius M. Clay remember his pledge to go for dissolution in the event of Texas annexation? Let us hear the watchword of “*Dissolution*” from the soil of old Kentucky, uttered with that boldness which dwells in the bosom of the true American! What may freedom now hope from our Liberty party friends on the question of Dissolution? Alas, for her hopes if Alvan Stewart is to be regarded as their mouth-piece, for he has declared that he will sustain this union although slavery and Texas are interwoven in the fabric, aye, and fight for it whenever his services may be needed.

Ho, to the rescue, friends of Freedom! silence is now criminal, and inaction is dishonor. Gird on your armor like true men, unsheath your sword and throw far from you its scabbard, for this is no boy's play, but work for stalwart men. Come to the battle field of freedom—not that field where carnage stalks abroad, and where men wield weapons of carnal warfare. Not such our battle field, nor such our weapons. Our field is the moral field—our sword, the sword of the spirit—our armor is from the armory of heaven, and we lean for support on the right arm of Him who was never foiled in battle. Then pause not, delay not! but loudly and boldly proclaim, “*THE UNION IS DISSOLVED!*”

“Up! while ye linger, darker yet

The shadow of our fate is growing;

Up! while ye pause our sun may set

In blood, around our altars flowing.

Up! now for freedom, not in strife

Like that your sterner fathers saw,

The awful waste of human life,

The glory and the guilt of war;

But break the yoke from age and youth,

And smite to earth oppression's rod,

With the resistless sword of Truth,

Made mighty through the living God!”

### The Union.

We have placed on our first page an extract from a letter of the learned Blacksmith to the recent Liberty party convention at Cincinnati, which contains much more poetry than truth. We have seldom read any thing which so greatly exalts the American union; it seems to us as though such *clap trap* eloquence would better become the glory-intoxicated orator of the 4th of July, or the newly-fledged baunting of the debating school, than a man who possesses the common sense which we have always believed Elihu Burritt had. It may do to gull the unthinking portion of the people,